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Newman.

P. J. CARROLL.

LIGHT led him on o'er crag and rugged hill,
Thro' forests casting shadows on the wold,
At night, alone, unhoued against the cold,
While friendly voices lured him backward still.
"Lead, kindly Light," outbreathes his troubled will.
"The night is dark and far away the fold,
Where lie the lambkins and the sheep grown old,
Secure against the north wind's icy chill."

The Eastern sun illumed the liquid sky,
When, wan and fainting, darkened he the door.
Of God's true fold: surcease had come at last.
Doubt vanished then; and Faith borne from on high,
Illumed with glory what was dark before,
While rev'rent tears of thankfulness welled fast.

Morality in Literature.

ARTHUR W. STACE, '97.

THE problem of drawing a distinct line between the moral and the immoral in literature has long vexed the critics. Whenever a book of doubtful morality is placed before the public, it is a signal for the critics to array themselves on opposite sides, and to wage a long, wordy war. Some maintain that the book is undoubtedly moral; others affirm that it is clearly immoral; while a few timid peace-seekers remain on neutral ground, and declare that they see nothing in the book that is either moral or immoral. In this diversity of opinion it is naturally difficult for us to arrive at a true and impartial decision. We do not care to remain neutral, for neutrality in such a case is too often a sign of mental weakness and uncertainty. We must, therefore, endeavor to find a criterion of morality. A number of

criteria have been advanced; but, with few exceptions, they have not stood the test of universal application.

One solution of the question is in the form of a proverb of French origin which has been Anglicized in the following manner: "Evil to him who evil thinks." Many critics consider this to be the only answer that can be given in a doubtful case; but, at its best, it is only a weak excuse for indecision. In a book of avowedly sensual character, where the effects of the immorality are immediately noticed upon the reader, this proverb may have application; but to say that a book is immoral only to him that sees its immorality is not altogether true. A man may regard a book as within the bounds of morality; he may pride himself that he is no worse for having read it, and at the same time the book may have subtly done him a certain amount of harm. A man of sound, healthy constitution may sometimes expose himself to a contagious disease without incurring the contagion, but that is no reason that the disease is not dangerous to human life. A man of sound, healthy mind may likewise venture into a diseased literary atmosphere and come out unharmed, but that does not signify that the atmosphere is harmless. It may kill a mind less pure, and may even have its effect on a strong, healthy mind, if the mind is recklessly exposed to it time and again. "Evil to him who evil thinks," therefore, can not be taken as a criterion of morality. It is true in some particular cases, but a criterion should have a wider application.

Other critics hold that the end for which a book is written should decide the morality of the entire work. We can not agree with this reasoning any more than we can with the one we have just discussed. The end can not justify the means. If the means are entirely bad they overshadow the good end, and render the entire book immoral. It would certainly be a

good thing for a man if he could die while the waters of baptism were still damp upon his brow; but no court in the country would acquit us if we should kill him with the laudable intention of sending him straight to Paradise. The means must be in conformity with the end; and if the one desiring to attain a good end is really sincere in his intention he will choose good means to accomplish his purpose. A writer that professes to have a good end in view, and who, at the same time, uses questionable means to bring about his end, often leads us into greater danger than a writer that makes no pretensions of sanctity of purpose. We are prepared to withstand the evil influence of the latter, but we meet the other off our guard, and are overpowered before we know it. Sometimes there may be a good end in view, but if we have been lead so far astray by the means that the end is not able to put us on the right track again, we must confess that the entire book has had an immoral effect upon us.

We consider of little importance those critics that claim morality is merely relative. We might as well say that good and evil are only relative. If there is no real distinction between good and evil, then we should distrust every person we meet. If morality in literature is only relative, then every moral leper in the world has a right to spread his foul corruption broadcast over the land. The degree of harm produced by an immoral book may be relative to individuals, for the moral strength of all men is not the same; but that does not prove that there is not a material distinction between what is moral and what is immoral. Plants differ from animals very slightly in the lower forms of the latter and the most advanced species of the latter, but still the distinction exists. There are different degrees of variation, it is true, but the two kingdoms never coalesce. So, also, is there a distinct separation between good and evil, and our theory as to the true criterion of morality is based on this distinction.

Our catechism teaches us that we are put on this earth to love and serve God that we may be happy with him forever in the world to come. Heaven, therefore, being our final end must be the object of all our actions; it is the goal which we are striving to reach. Our college life is but a preparation for the social and business life which is to follow. Our degree is nothing more than a certificate saying that we have earned the right to a definite place in

the world. Our life on this earth is but a preparation for the life of Heaven, and we must win our final certificate by diligent application and prompt obedience to the rules that govern the school of life. At college all our actions are done in reference to the degree we expect to receive when we are graduated. We may lose sight of our Commencement at times, but nevertheless we go plodding along toward it with mechanical regularity. We regard everything that helps us onward as beneficial to ourselves, and anything that jeopardizes our chances for obtaining the sought-for degree is looked upon as inimical to our interests. We closely follow out our course if we wish to be successful. If we take up extra studies we are handicapped; if we make any radical departure from the course laid down we stand no chance whatever of obtaining our degree. So it is with our struggle for a heavenly degree; but if we fail to pass out of this life with an honorable record we are given no second chance—complete success or complete failure must be our lot. Now as God is our final end, everything that puts us nearer to God is moral; everything that puts us farther away from God is immoral. Everything we do is either for or against God; nothing on earth can be neutral. A book that helps us toward Heaven is a moral book; a book that estranges us ever so slightly from God is immoral and inimical to our highest interests. Every book that strengthens us in our struggle towards Heaven is moral; every book that weakens us is immoral. This is the true criterion of morality; this is the only solution to a question of doubtful morality.

In literature there are three classes of books, each class depending upon its relation to God, the summit of all art. There are books written for no good purpose at all; books that have a good end in view, but which take the wrong means to attain their end; and books which have a moral end and use moral means to attain that end. A moment's consideration will show that our criterion will determine the morality of all the books in these different classes, and that it must consequently be of universal application.

Authors that not only do not profess to have a good end in view, but who even seem to war against the right, are clearly writers of immoral works. Books that openly oppose God and religion, books that present vice in an alluring form, books that fail to benefit the reader in any way, are all immoral. A book that endeavors to put us off the track to

Heaven, or hinders our progress in any way, should be shunned; for its object is to kill our immortal souls. An irreligious work may have an almost imperceptible influence upon us at first, and we may trust to our strength to be able to overcome its assaults upon what we hold most dear; but we shall find that by degrees our faith will be weakened. A book that is not manifestly against God, but which weakens our veneration for things holy, is also an immoral book; for from contempt for things holy it is but a step to contempt for God Himself.

Some authors that intentionally present vice in an attractive form, often overstep their mark to such a degree as to make their books object-lessons to men of strong moral character. A book that is morally corrupt has the same effect upon a virtuous man as the sight of a sodden drunkard lying in the gutter would have on a man of temperate habits. Unfortunately for the world, however, men of strong, manly virtue are in the minority, and consequently authors of corrupt hearts are able to reap a rich harvest for their satanic master.

Books that have no settled end in view, but which do not benefit the reader, are like so many weeds sown in the mind. They are not harmful in themselves, but they fill up the mind with trash to such an extent that there is no room left for anything beneficial to develop itself. The cheap novel that does not present vice in an attractive form belongs to this last mentioned species of immoral writings. Some newspapers may be placed in the same list; but most newspapers profess to have a good end in view, and therefore they should be placed in the second class, among the books that are professedly written for a good intention.

Writers that have good ends in view, but that take wrong means to attain that end are the cause of more disputes among the critics than all other writers put together. To this class also belong writers that have a mistaken good end in view, and who unwittingly lead their readers into grave dangers. Many writers hold that the end justifies the means; but we have shown before that this excuse is not a sound or logical one. "Art for art's sake" is the plea of a certain class of writers that claim that artistic excellence in a work will excuse all moral defects. Such writers forget that all true art has God for its final object, and that technical skill is not art. Zola claims to be working for art's sake, and yet we can not call Zola's work moral. The naturalistic school, of

which Zola is the chief representative, aims to present the animal side of man to the detriment of the spiritual side. Zola's sole object, aside from his desire to be artistic, seems to be to convince his readers that they are animals, and that their animal nature is stronger than their spiritual. We know that we are animals; but we glory in the fact that our immortal soul places us far, very far, above other animals. We are made stronger by the thought that the soul is the master of the body, that the body is subservient to it. Our soul is made like to the image of God, and our self-respect is made greater by this knowledge. The very knowledge itself makes us more godlike. The stronger we grow in virtue, the more we lose sight of our animal nature, and, mayhap, we forget that we have one. Who can say that we are not better men for this forgetfulness?

Zola is continually exhibiting the animal nature of man and reminding his readers that they have an animal nature and that the animal is stronger than the spiritual side of their being. We may not believe him at first, but gradually we lose courage, and then our decline is rapid until our animal nature does in reality become the ruler of our lives. We become degraded in our own eyes, lose our self-respect, and become hopelessly immersed in the slough of despond. A book that will have such an effect can not be otherwise than immoral. So, too, a book that makes us take a wrong view of life or weakens our faith in our fellow-men is an immoral book. Take, for instance, Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." I can not see anything in that book which is wrong from a sensual standpoint—the ground on which most critics base their objections to it; but I do see something very wrong in its moral teaching. We can not read that book without having our faith in God's providence weakened, or, at least, subjected to a severe strain. There is an element of fatality in the book which makes us take a false view of life. Tess is an unfortunate girl that is good at heart, but, as she is a victim of fate, her entire life is clouded by a series of involuntary sins. She finally commits what we are lead to believe is a justifiable murder. Throughout the book is the teaching that evil is stronger than good, and that God's providence is but a fantasy.

The third class of books are those that are written with a good end in view, and in which the proper means to attain the end are always used. A writer can take any subject whatever, and it makes no difference how low it may be

if the intention of the writer is pure and he uses pure means to carry out his intention.

In the hands of a less skilful writer Goethe's immortal "Faust" might have been made into an immoral work, but as it is it may be considered as being of the highest morality; it is a poetic sermon written in such a style that its moral teaching can not but be seen and profited by. The same with Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter." The moral teaching is so plain that the mind never thinks of evil. It is an example, a lesson, a warning, a sermon. A sin is the basis of both "Faust" and the "Scarlet Letter," but the punishment of the sin is put into such close juxtaposition to the sin itself that we see that this punishment more than offsets whatever pleasure there may be in the sin. The Bible also treats sin very plainly at times, but the effect is to repel us from sin, not to attract us toward it.

There may be those that will say that our theory of morality would put on the black list many a book which is of immense value to the world. To these we would answer that any book which is of real use to mankind can not be immoral. Others might say that books written solely to amuse do not help us onward and therefore they must be immoral. This is wrong; a book that serves only to amuse us often does help us onward. The mind needs rest and recreation as well as the body, and light literature is often as beneficial as more solid reading matter. A man can not make a material use of flowers, but still he derives great pleasure and enjoyment from them.

Some books may render us weaker in some respects and stronger in others; but if the strength it gives is greater than the weakness it causes, the book, as a whole, is moral. An army may lose a number of men in taking a strong fortification, but if the weakening in numbers is more than compensated by strength of position the army is stronger than it was before. So it is with books. If they weaken us in parts but make us stronger as a whole they deserve to be called moral books.

If we always keep in mind our final end we may be able to judge correctly what is moral and what is immoral—it is the effect a book has on our final end that determines its morality, and not its temporal effect—if we test our strength by reading books that we feel to be immoral; but we should remember that he who plays with fire should be careful lest he be burned. If we see that a book is harming us we should put it aside.

Varsity Verse.

THE EARLY BIRD.

SWEET is a spin on the shimmering wheel
Along the lanes where the zephyrs steal
From the honey-laden flowers.
The morning air brings rich perfumes
That the lilac and the apple blooms
Distilled in evening hours.

But sweeter far than a morning ride,
Or the charms of park or countryside,
Are soothing, morning slumbers.
The wood-path and the flowery glen
Are seen through golden dream-nets then;
No heavy wheel encumbers.

E. C. B.

A PROOF.

"Is there a God?" you ask of me,
"Who is all-powerful and divine,
Who gave to me this life of mine.
If so, I wish your proofs to see.
I doubt if such a thing can be."

The violet growing on the sod,
With petals blue and fair that hold
The stamens tipped with yellow gold,
Atremble on its slender rod
Gives proof to all "there is a God."

E. C. B.

THE MILKMAN'S FIRST GAME.

"'Tis plain to me," said Tim McGee,
As he left the baseball ground,
"That of our team the very cream
In the pitcher will be found."

F. McN.

THE SHADOW HEART.

Can artist draw with his skilful hand,
Or has your love a heart as true,
Or from rough rock can sculptor hew
A heart like this in my golden band?
A heart that is shadowed within a ring,
The little heart that never aches,
The golden heart that never breaks,—
This is the heart of which I sing.

B. S. M.

THE ELF FEAST.

Down in a grassy dell
Dripping with dew
Cowslip and heather-bell
Dandelion too
Invite the honey-bee
Into their treasury.
Down in a grassy dell
Where, as their perfumes tell,
Dainty, blue violets dwell
Dripping with dew.
Crept with the shadows up
Merry elves brew
Nectar in flower cup
All the night through.
Leave to the honey-bee
Clews to their treasury;
Leave a sweet-scented sup
Deep in each flower cup
Dripping with dew.

J. J. D.

The Buried Box.

EDWARD C. BROWN, '99.

Success had come to Fred Sibley at last. After he had worked many months a large magazine had accepted one of his stories, and the critics were unanimous in its praise. Of course, everyone was surprised; but Fred's room-mate was astonished. For a year he had listened to stories, but he had never heard this one before. At first he declared that it must be a mistake; but when Fred displayed a check, he said:

"You haven't enough imagination to invent a story like that. Tell me the incident that suggested it."

"Well, it is a long story; but give me the tobacco and I shall tell it as nearly as I can remember the details."

"About six years ago I was at the Pine Ridge Agency with the Fourth Regiment. The Indians were very troublesome and we feared an outbreak. Scouts were sent out, but could discover nothing. The Indians were friendly to us and stolidly declared that no trouble was planned. Their actions belied them, however, for one day several rifles were stolen. The night guard was doubled, but the disappearance of some more rifles showed how easily the Indians could avoid the vigilance of the pickets. A week later the Sioux began their ghost-dances, and after this women and children were not allowed to go far from the fort."

While things were thus, Jack Roth, the best scout in the service, brought word that the Indians would attack us that night. Twenty Braves were going to conceal themselves about the fort, and at midnight they were to kill the guards and open the gates. If they failed in this, a large force was to rush up with burning fagots and set fire to the fort. While the soldiers were fighting the fire, the Indians were to make an attack from the opposite direction.

This information was truly surprising, and I induced Jack to tell me how he obtained it. On the night before he had come to a small stream. He had been riding all day, and as it was still twenty-five miles to the fort, he stopped for the night. A short way up the stream an Indian had camped, and Jack saw that it was Bearfoot, one of the council of the Sioux. If anyone knew the truth about the outbreak it was Bearfoot. Knowing this Jack proceeded to get him very drunk. While he

was in this state, Bearfoot talked a great deal, and before an hour had passed he told Jack the whole plan of the Indians. While he was asleep Jack stole away.

Well, that night we placed fifty men in ambush a quarter of a mile from the fort. The twenty spies were discovered and handcuffed before they could do any harm. Along toward midnight those of us that were in ambush could see dark groups of men approaching. A short distance from us they stopped and appeared to be watching for something. There was, however, no sign of life at the fort, and soon they moved forward. Just as they were upon us we opened fire. They were completely surprised and many were killed. Among the dead was Bearfoot's only son. The old man had not sobered soon enough to realize what he had done, and he was furious. Nothing but Jack's blood would satisfy him. We tried to persuade Jack to leave the post, but he laughed and said he was not afraid. Nevertheless, he bought a new revolver and a bowie-knife.

For two years he kept constantly on guard, but as he was not even attacked, he grew negligent. One night, however, Bearfoot attacked him. Jack was a powerful man; but as Bearfoot had come up from behind, he could not draw his knife. They struggled desperately; but before long Bearfoot left his opponent apparently dead.

For weeks Jack hovered between life and death. His remarkable constitution saved him, but the physician said that even this could not last much longer. We searched in vain for Bearfoot. No one had seen him, and the Indians declared that he had left the state. A week later Jack began to recover. The next day Bearfoot surprised the whole garrison by voluntarily surrendering himself. Some said he had been persuaded to do so by his brother who was a good Christian; but everyone could see that he was sorry for having wounded Jack; for when he begged Jack's forgiveness the tears rolled down his cheeks.

Jack recovered rapidly; but one day Bearfoot suddenly felt sick. The physician said that the sickness was caused by eating poisonous roots and that death was certain. The poor fellow never moved when they told him this, but he called for Jack. He requested that the rest of us leave the room; and when we had gone, he told Jack that years before a Frenchman had hidden a large quantity of gold in the banks of Willow Creek. Bearfoot had watched him through the willows, but

while he was still there the Frenchman was struck by lightning. It was the anger of the Great Spirit, Bearfoot said, and no one could touch the gold for a certain number of years. The time had now passed, and he requested Jack to get the gold. The next day he died.

Jack was wild to go; but he could get no horse. At last, however, I let him take mine on condition that he would tell me the story. The next day he set out. A week passed and he did not return. Bearfoot had described the place accurately, and forty-eight hours should have sufficed for the trip. I began to grow anxious, and obtained leave to go in search of Jack. I easily found the creek and I knew that Jack had gone up the stream. I had not proceeded a hundred yards before I came upon a horrible sight. There lay Jack dead and rotting. My first impulse was to run; but my natural curiosity overcame this impulse, and I examined the body more closely. He had fallen forward into a hole that he had apparently dug. In the hole there was a box in which a revolver was so arranged that it would be discharged when the lid was raised. A bullet hole in Jack's forehead told the rest.

The Bull of Adrian.

MATTHEW A. SCHUMACHER.

Authorities are equally divided on the matter of the Bull of Adrian; but it seems to me many writers have discussed the subject in the false light of the present day. The injustice done to Ireland forms the basis of their arguments; but this is beside the point. They represent the twelfth century so completely surrounded by the eight succeeding ones that the original proposition almost vanishes. Was the Adrian Bull issued or not is the sole question? Many reasons seem to indicate the genuineness of the Grant.

Henry II. became King of England in 1154. Robert Brakspere—the only Englishman that ever sat on the Throne of Peter—was then Pope Adrian IV.: a man of humble parentage, blameless life and great personal merit. Henry sent an embassy to Rome on a double mission: to congratulate Adrian on his elevation, and to solicit his sanction for an invasion of Ireland "to bring order in the land and have the moral law better observed." Whether Adrian granted Henry's request or not is the whole matter of the controversy.

What right had Adrian to make such a Grant? Papal authority and influence were much greater in those days than at present. Princes bowed before the Pope, and whole lands were ruled by his word. Nothing was feared so much as the censures of the Church. When King John of England had disregarded the interdict laid on his land and his own excommunication, he was threatened with deposition. This brought him to his senses, for Pope Innocent III. had given Philip II. of France leave to take possession of England and rule as king if John did not submit. If the Pontiff was powerful enough to transfer the rule of England to an alien, I do not see why he could not do the same in the case of Ireland. The island lacked unity and peace, and as a consequence morals suffered. Now if the Pope wished to benefit the land by giving it—as he thought—a power that would cure the disorders, I see nothing remarkable in that; nor did any one in those days object to the measure. That gross injustice has been done to the land since that time, is readily admitted, but that could not be foreseen. If England had treated Ireland justly, this question would never be discussed, or if so, nothing but praise would be showered on the Holy See. We must concede the right of self-preservation to the Church; this principle, combined with her immense authority, makes the act quite reasonable.

William the Conqueror and Henry I. also had desired to invade and conquer Ireland because of its nearness; so Henry II. was not the first to cherish the design. The state of the realm of England forbade the former two to carry out their project, as it did the latter till his reign was somewhat advanced. Henry's active and ambitious spirit would naturally spur him on to increase his dominions. He found a pretext and availed himself of it. That Ireland was in a disorderly state at this time is admitted by all authorities. Henry took advantage of the situation, and sought Adrian's sanction to invade the land.

Whether zeal for the Church or simply a wish to extend his sway made Henry act, does not affect the genuineness of the Bull. We can not safely judge a man's intentions; we must consider his actions. Many tear Henry to pieces, and then conclude that the Pontiff would never give the Bull to such a man. I do not wish to defend Henry's character; the fact that he maintained order in his reign will serve sufficiently for my purpose. It must be remembered that the Bull was sought in the

beginning of Henry's reign, so his actions as yet could not condemn him. Surely Adrian had to deal with Henry as he was, not as he might become.

The Bull was received in 1155. Henry wished to act on it immediately, but prudent advice prevailed on him to defer operation till he could make sure of his realm of England. But he did not enter Ireland till 1171. A study of his reign will convince anyone that he was never inactive, and, moreover, that he was always successful. Shortly before his accession there had been a civil war in England between King Stephen and Henry. This threw the whole land into commotion, and the barons assumed a very threatening position. They were ever on the alert to increase their power; and if Henry left his tottering throne for a foreign invasion, we might have a different tale to tell. In 1164 the contest between Henry and Thomas à Becket occurred, and this lasted till the Archbishop's death in 1170. In 1171 Henry crossed over into Ireland.

While the contest was going on, Dermot, King of Leinster, was dispossessed of his kingdom by Roderick of Connaught, who was then trying to subject the whole of Ireland to his rule. A policy like Roderick's was used whenever a chieftain thought himself powerful enough to overcome the other rulers. Dermot came to Henry and promised to recognize the English King as his Lord if Henry would replace him on his throne. Henry was unable to aid Dermot personally, but gave him leave to take from England those that were willing to enter the struggle. Foremost among those that volunteered was Richard de Clare, better known as Strongbow. Leinster was regained, and now the invaders became very undesirable guests by their plundering.

The murder of Thomas à Becket was universally disliked. Henry was in Normandy when the deed was done, but he soon set out for Ireland; for he knew the papal legates were close at hand to make him answer for the recent murder. Henry arrived in Ireland with a large force, but no blood was shed. He met no opposition whatever in the land; his presence stopped all plunder. Some of the princes, among them Roderick, did not submit, yet no fighting occurred. A synod was convoked at Cashel in 1172, in which the clergy were unanimously with Henry. The Primate of Armagh was not at the meeting, but he afterward signed the reforms there drawn up at the city of Dublin.

The Bull was still preserved in the Castle of Windsor. Henry did not give it to Dermot for the simple reason that it would do Dermot no good. Dermot's conduct in Ireland was decidedly blameworthy, consequently his word would have no influence with the people. Why was the Bull not produced at the Synod of Cashel? In the first place it was not necessary to do so, and secondly Henry did not have the document with him, for he came to Ireland from Normandy. If the clergy agreed to certain reforms at the meeting—to reform certain abuses was the main reason for granting the Bull—what need was there to produce the *paper* since its obligations were fulfilled? The Bull was not needed; then why send for it to have it read in the assembly? After this synod, Henry returned to Normandy, and met the legates of the Pope at Avranches. He was declared innocent of the murder of the Archbishop.

In this same year, 1172, Pope Alexander III. wrote three letters, whose authenticity is not doubted. One was directed to the clergy of Ireland, another to the princes of Ireland, wherein is said they would obtain rest on account of their submission; the third is addressed to Henry, reminding him of his promises and congratulating him on his success in the island. Now, would it not be strange that Alexander should commend the good fortune of a man in danger of excommunication, if at the same time that man entered another land without a recognized right? The Pope was indignant at the death of a single prelate, and is it possible he could rejoice at the unjust subjection of a whole nation? These letters say a great deal.

The Bull was proclaimed in Ireland at the Synod of Waterford in 1175. It is stated that at this same meeting the *Confirmatory Brief* of Alexander was read. There is doubt cast on this document also. If it is authentic then the Adrian Bull stands undeniable. Alexander was living when the Synod met at Waterford. It is surprising that he made no protest if a Brief was forged in his name. This silence is inexplicable, since the question was evidently worthy of consideration. The introductory words of the Brief read: "Inasmuch as these things, known to have been introduced for sufficient reason by our predecessors, ought to be confirmed by permanent stability, we, following in the footsteps of the venerable Pope, and expecting the fruition of our own desire, do confirm and ratify his Grant over the Hiber-

nian kingdom's dominion bestowed on you [Henry], etc." Mr. O'Callaghan, in his *Macariæ Excidium* for the Irish archæological Society in 1850 says: "We have the recorded public reading of the Bulls of Adrian and Alexander at a meeting of Bishops in Waterford in 1175." Henry appointed Augustine Bishop of Waterford in 1175. He could not do this unless his authority was acknowledged in the land, and he had a legal right which can come from the Church alone.

Let us take a few authorities that have no doubt whatever about the authenticity of the Bull. First we have a contemporary historian, Giraldus Cambrensis, in whose *Expugnatio Hibernica* the Bull first appears. He also gives the Brief of Alexander. Poor Cambrensis has been terribly mutilated by his opponents, so much so that his work is styled fiction. I have no mind to defend him or the truthfulness of much that he says; but I have simply one observation, and I have drawn it from a writer of weight that sides against the Bull. Cambrensis was elected to the See of St. David's, a position he greatly coveted; but Henry refused to sanction the election, and this enraged Cambrensis. Now is it likely that a man that was so sorely disappointed by his sovereign would print two important documents that had been forged simply to please that sovereign? Lingard admits the Grant, though he accuses Henry of double dealing. Guizot claims that Henry took possession of Ireland in right of the Bull, Mathew Paris and Baronius print the document, Thomas Moore likewise admits it.

"In the remonstrance addressed by the Irish princes and people to John XXII. about the year 1315, repeated mention is made of the Bull of Adrian," says Cardinal Moran. The remonstrance was to the effect that the English had violated the Bull of Adrian, and that the Irish people wished to make Edward Bruce their king. The Pontiff wrote a letter to Edward II. of England in which he says: "In these letters from the Irish, among other things, we have read that Pope Adrian, our predecessor of happy memory, having, under a certain manner and form expressed in the Apostolic Letters drawn up for that purpose, *conceded* the domain of Ireland to your ancestor, King Henry II. of illustrious memory. . . ." This statement is plain enough. In the sixteenth century when Pope Paul IV. by a Bull erected Ireland into a kingdom, he stated: "Ever since the kingdom of England obtained the dominion of this island *through* the *Apostolic See*, the English

kings have had the custom of taking the title simply of Lords of Ireland."

We have yet the testimony of John of Salisbury, one of the ambassadors sent by Henry II. to Adrian. He makes mention of the Grant in the last chapter of his "Netalogicus." Those against the Bull claim that this part of the book is interpolated because it deviates from the general trend of the work. It is a digression, no doubt; yet this does not say that another party wrote it. The Reverend Sylvester Malone, D. D., in the *New Ireland Review* for January, 1898, gives instances where other writers, when apprised of an important event, have changed their subject, and jotted down a few remarks on the recent occurrence; he also gives many other good arguments in favor of the Grant. Salisbury wrote this chapter just after the death of Adrian was made known to him. Among the rest we read: "At my request he [Adrian] granted to the illustrious King of the English, Henry II., Ireland, to be held by hereditary right as his letter testifies to this day." This testimony is plain and unmistakable; and as all writers place Salisbury's life above suspicion, we are justified in concluding we have the truth before us.

King John of England in a wise political act did homage to Pope Innocent III. for England and Ireland, and agreed to pay one thousand marks annually as tenant—seven hundred for England and three for Ireland. Would the Holy See take these lands under her protection if the land of Ireland was unjustly acquired? Very often the payment was not prompt, and when the reigning Pontiff would write to the King of England both lands were mentioned.

In time Ireland might have been brought under subjection in another manner than that which occurred in Henry's reign; perhaps Henry himself might have done it, for he was ambitious and strong willed. No doubt he would have benefited the land greatly if he could have devoted his time to it; he was a man that wanted order and fought for it. Thomas Moore, in his History of Ireland, says, that never in her annals did Ireland enjoy so much peace as during the time Henry was in the land.

We have the testimony of historians, the Letters and Brief of Alexander III., the words of Popes John XXII. and Paul IV. If we look at the events that took place from a disinterested point of view, we can safely conclude that the genuineness of the Bull is very probable.

Jason and Medea.

MICHAEL M. OSWALD, '98.

(From the "Medea" of Euripides, lines 1316-1414.)

Medea appears aloft in a chariot drawn by dragons, and with the bodies of her children in her arms she addresses Jason:

MED.—Why dost thou shake and try t'unhinge this door
To seek the slain and me the murderess?
Give up this empty toil, and if, mayhap,
Thou needest me,—speak out, make known thy wish,

But never shalt thou lay thy hands on me:
For Helios, father of my father, gave
Me this car as a ward against my enemies.

JAS.—Abomination that thou art, vile wretch!
By far the greatest hate hast thou incurred
From gods and me and ev'ry race of men!
Thou, base enough to plunge a sword through
breasts

That clung to thine for life's support and stay,
Hast ruined me,—ay, killed me in my boys.
And still this done, the vilest deed defied,
Is life prolonged for thee to enjoy this world?—
Be damned!—Ah! now at last I realize
What then I could not understand, when thee—
Who didst betray thy sire and native home,—
I led away from thy father's hearth,—away
From a foreign land to Greece the blessed home.
A great mistake it was, for which the gods
Now hurl on me th' avenging demon's wrath
Which thy most impious deed alone deserves.
Ay, thy brother thou hast slain at home,
And thence escaped in fair-prowed Argo's hull.
Since then thy hateful curse devolved on me:
By marriage ties thou wast allied to me,
Unfortunate man.—The children born to us
Thou slew'st to spite my newly-wedded couch,—
A crime, by Grecian women never dared,
Instead of whom I chose to marry thee,
A lioness, no woman, with a heart
That's fiercer than Tyrrhenian Scylla's is.
This union brought destruction unto me.—
But 'tis enough;—I could not sting thy heart
Were I to cast on thee ten thousand blames.
Such daring was implanted in thy breast.
Be gone! thou perpetrator of foulest deeds
And guilty spiller of thy children's blood.
It now remains that I bewail my fate.
My recent marriage shall not cheer my heart,
Nor shall I see my children once again:
Alas! the cause why they are dead, am I.

MED.—At length could I retort this speech of thine,
If father Zeus remembered not so well
The favors thou receiv'dst at my behest,
And what ungrateful deeds thou hast returned.
Thy aim to spend a life of joys was missed,
When thou didst break our marriage bond with
scorn.

Nor was the princely maid, nor Creon King,
Who offered thee his daughter's hand as pledge
To cast me from this country unavenged.—
Then call me at thy wish a lioness
And Scylla, dweller in Tyrrhenian plains;

For I have stung thy heart, as served it well.

JAS.—But thou art grieved as well and shar'st the fate.

MED.—Just so; but grief doth profit me withal,

As long as thou hast failed to laugh at me.

JAS.—Oh, children of the basest mother born!

MED.—Oh, children by the meanest father spoiled!

JAS.—Indeed, I say, my hand did harm them not.

MED.—But thy despite for me,—thy princess' couch.

JAS.—Then, kill'dst them to revenge a simple couch?

MED.—Think'st this a trifle for a woman, pray?

JAS.—To one that has a sober, prudent mind;

But thou regardest ev'rything as base.

MED.—These children are no more;—I tell thee this,

For 'twill torment thy heart with cutting pain.

JAS.—They are the black avengers on thy head.

MED.—Ay, the gods well know with whom this strife
began.

JAS.—That hateful mind of thine they know for sure.

MED.—Go on rebuking me, if this delights;—

But still I hate thy vile and bitter tongue.

JAS.—And I hate thine:—I part on easy terms.

MED.—How so? At what request, I like to know?

JAS.—Let me bury the dead and guard their graves with
tears.

MED.—No, never! I myself shall bury them

In Hera's temple, goddess of the heights.

Lest any of my foes abuse them here

By digging up their graves,—I shall ordain

A solemn feast and days for sacrifice,

So that hereafter in this land of Sisyphus

Amends be made for this atrocious crime.

I will depart for the land of Erechtheus

To live with Ægeus, King Pandion's son.

But thou, a villain, like a villain shall die.

When thou hast seen this farce of our career

An Argo-piece will fall upon thy head:

JAS.—And may Erinnyes send her wrath on thee,

And Themis stern avenge my children's death.

MED.—What god or demon listens to thy prayer,

When thou art perjured and unkind to guests?

JAS.—Fie! fie! thou loathsome slayer of thine own!

MED.—Go home and bury there thy spouse.

JAS.—I shall;—deprived, alas, of both my boys.

MED.—Their loss thou feel'st not yet,—await old age.

JAS.—Oh! dearest children,—

MED.—Ay, dearest to their mother,—not to thee.

JAS.—And yet, thou'rt guilty of their cruel death.

MED.—Forsooth I am; it is to sting thy heart.

JAS.—How now I long to kiss their tender lips.

MED.—Now fondly speak to them, now welcome them;—

Before thou took'st delight to push them off.

JAS.—By the gods, I pray thee, let me have my babes.

MED.—'Tis meet no more;—in vain thou speak'st the
word.

JAS.—Oh Zeus! hear'st this presumptuous noise of
words,—

How I am slighted off, and what abuse

This wretched lioness, that killed her young,

Retorts on me? But what remains for me,

That will I do with all my heart's desire.

I will lament and mourn my children's death

And call the gods to state that thou thyself

Hast slain the children and prevented me

From taking them and burying their remains.

Oh! would that ne'er had I begotten them

To see their fate, while now, instead of thee,

I pine away with grief and bitter woe.

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—Since we are near the end, it would be well for the board of editors to make its farewell bow. Our SCHOLASTIC has not been so glorious a one, perhaps, as the SCHOLASTICS of other years; but we have worked for it as best we knew; and we have done what we could to show our love for the old paper. You of generations to come might smile at our work on the wretched pages, but we shall love our volume of '97 and '98 better than any other. The sanctum has gone into its summer rest now; and the editors will soon go their many ways.

—The year—which for us laborers means the period of time we surrender to work—has come at last to a deserved end; and that part of the summer that is set aside by us as a time of rest and, shall we say, idleness, will be with us in a day. The undergraduates still have their finals to go through; but they will take care of themselves, if the daily duties have been done. To the "grads," who now go about in the air of freedom, since that last has been accomplished, this speech is addressed principally. You that have another lap to make in the course, or two laps, have little to think of the future. For the sedate seniors the race is finished; and they will, perhaps, leave Notre Dame for the last time. They have the future to look to. The perplexing question: "What shall I do?" bears heavily upon their minds

for an answer; and no one comes forward to help them. The SCHOLASTIC has said farewell to the out-goers of thirty commencement times; but to those of '98 she gives her best wishes for a successful beginning in their life-journey. To the others are given wishes also for the pleasantest of vacations; and to everyone a *vale*. The year is done.

Literature and Life.

When most students enter a university, it is with the intention of fitting themselves for a certain profession, which is right; but many of them are loath to do more than that which pertains directly to the course that they have chosen to follow. The scientist gives himself up to the laboratory and experimenting; the engineer thinks he has only to do with his mathematics and surveying. It is as wrong as becoming a man of one idea. In the company of scientists or engineers you are leader; but, heaven help us! we are not all engineers, and few of us will listen long to discourses on a scientific subject.

Literature has become a common study, now that man is taught to read in his toddling days. Long ago only the savant with the long robes dealt with books. Our day is a better one. Since the proper study of mankind is man, and literature is the highest form of the study of man, it is well to have some knowledge of written things. The might and mirth of the life and times of men have been locked in print, and to understand it and learn it is the pastime of earth. Everyone has some interest in books. They are a common heritage, and the richest of heritages, if we are only given the grace to see it.

A good idea in bad words is a tree that yields no fruit. A fancy light and commonplace put into musical, pretty words will find its way to a million of ears. If we would have hearers we must speak gracefully. Literature is a fountain for us to draw sparkling water from. The music of others gives us music; and the words of others teach us to use ours all the better. It is necessary for everyone to know the grace and beauty of good writing. The thesis that drags through ill-written sentences is condemned, however stable it may be scientifically. The engineer that maps out routes for travel over rivers and valleys is all the happier for having their beauties through other's words.

The Notre Dame University Association
Meeting.

The regular monthly meeting of the Notre Dame University Association of Chicago was held at the Tremont House, Chicago, Illinois, Monday evening, June the 6th. This meeting marked the close of the first year of the association's existence—a year that was in every way a successful one for the association. Secretary Foote reported that the number of members had been more than trebled since the first meeting of the Association a year ago, while Treasurer Hayes' balance sheet showed a goodly sum remaining in the association's treasury to be applied on its scholarship fund.

The annual election of officers, which was held at this meeting resulted as follows: John S. Hummer, esq., one of the association's most active and energetic members, was chosen by acclamation to preside over its deliberations for the ensuing year; George S. Crilly, esq., who so acceptably filled the position of First Vice-President for the past year, was unanimously re-elected to that office; the name of Professor John G. Ewing of Notre Dame was greeted with much applause when presented for Second Vice-President, and the association proceeded to elect him without delay; the association's appreciation of the good work of Secretary Mark M. Foote and Treasurer Harold V. Hayes during the past year was shown by their re-election to their respective offices. The Board of Directors for the ensuing year will be composed of the following gentlemen: J. A. Hemsteger, M. D., James F. Kennedy, Otto Eicholz, James B. Burns and Albert E. Dacey.

Mr. Hummer reported to the association that a charter had been granted it by the Secretary of the State of Illinois and that it had become a duly organized corporation. A special train will be run from Chicago to South Bend for the University Commencement Exercises under the care of the association. This train will leave the Lake Shore depot at 8 sharp, Wednesday morning, June 15, and, returning, will leave South Bend at 4 p. m. sharp, Thursday, June 16. The rate for the round trip will be \$2.50. Tickets may be procured at the Tremont House or at the office of James F. Kennedy, Room 501, No. 115 Dearborn Street. Parents of Chicago students intending to be present at the Commencement Exercises should avail themselves of this opportunity to secure tickets.

Corpus Christi.

It often happens that Commencement comes before the feast of Corpus Christi, and the students are scattered; but on this present year it was the fortune of everyone that is counted in Notre Dame numbers, to take a part in the solemn and beautiful exercises. The rain fell slowly and steadily during the evening; but it marred nothing, and was not disastrous as fearing ones had said it would be.

In the morning Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father L'Etourneau, assisted by Rev. Fathers O'Connor and Crumley. During all the morning and afternoon the altars at the main building, Sorin and Science Halls were building, the bareness was hidden with candles and flowers and folds of drapery.

In the evening the solemn and beautiful part of the exercises began. From the church the procession moved down the light-lined lanes, with the Minims in the lead. After them came the Carrolls, better in years; then the students of Brownson and Sorin Halls, the students of the Manual Labor School and Holy Cross Seminary. There was a long file of black-robed religious too before the University Band that played a grand march under the difficulties of darkness and a slow-falling rain. Just before the white-plumed canopy came the acolytes in red and white and priests in white and black bearing flickering candles. At the last were the three priests in shimmering white vestments bearing the *Corpus Christi* in the smoke of the clinking censers.

On the steps of Sorin Hall the first Benediction was given. The *Tantum Ergo* was sung quietly, it seemed, being in the great out-of-doors of which even the largest cathedral roofs can cover only a small part. The Notre Dame Reserves in blue and white fired two salutes, and the procession wound slowly around the great heart among the trees, through the arch, to the altar at Science Hall. Here Benediction again was given and the rifles again cracked out the salutes.

At the main building was the greatest blaze of lights. Long rows glimmered and sputtered in the wet. The front of the main building was ablaze. Here again all knelt and sang the *Tantum Ergo* to the music of the band, and Benediction was given for the last time out-of-doors. In the church it was all gone through again, save at the end the *Te Deum* was sung by the congregation.

University of Michigan, 15; Notre Dame, 2.

On Thursday some person or persons unknown, opened the door of the Chamber of Horrors and allowed its ghastly inmates to wander out on Regents' Field in Ann Arbor. And to close the season, the Varsity hugged the horrors close and stayed with them during what is, by courtesy, termed a ball game. There are times when the most perfect piece of machinery or the most even-balanced organization will by some minor flaw go off on a tangent. After playing a magnificent schedule the Varsity wound up with an exhibition that was fearful and wonderful in the extreme. Something was wrong. The team was in perfect condition and had confidence in themselves; yet they presented the worst game they have played all year. But continual winning becomes monotonous, and we would remind Michigan that last April we *did* play ball, and Ann Arbor's end was the smaller one. And again last year the Varsity defeated Michigan in that record-breaking score of 18 to 3. Of course we are sorry Notre Dame lost, Thursday; we would be cravens if we were not; but the noble work those same Varsity men have done all season off-sets the defeat of Thursday.

Michigan is a splendid team to play. The grounds were fair, and the great crowd that turned out was liberal to a degree, cheering good plays impartially. The home team itself set an example that a few of our talkative ball-tossers may follow with profit—that oratorical abilities do not necessarily mean ball-playing prowess. The visitors created a favorable impression and received a cordial reception from Manager Keith and his aides and abettors in the massacre. But other years are coming.

"King" Lehr has improved wonderfully since April, and his pitching was gilt-edged in every particular. He was zealously supported by Davies and Matteson, both of whom played well. The rest of the team, perhaps, Condon especially, were strong in the field. At the bat everybody shone a little, and some of the Michigan men were veritable search-lights with the stick.

Gibson was the victim of the dreaded off-day—the first the plucky fellow has had this year. Lack of practice since the Chicago game, resulting in wildness and failure to control, made him ineffective. Then his team made costly errors behind him, and the slaughter was appalling. Yet Gibson has no white flag in his

signal-code, and he held himself together as well as he could. A remarkable thing is that the errors were made by the steadiest men on the team, and when Gibson saw the war-horses dropping them he could not be blamed for feeling disheartened. But Gibson has won too many games, and pitched too much good ball, for Notre Dame to have one day chalked against him. We are as proud of him as ever.

HOW MICHIGAN TURNED THE TABLES.

Follen looked Lehr in the eyes as he punched out a two-bagger to left as a leader. Fleming crashed one through Cooley scoring the right-fielder. Powers and Fleming went out on a double play by Matteson, Cooley and Condon, and Lunn caught Daly's foul.—One run.

Michigan got no farther than second base in the opening inning. In the second Callahan led off with a two-base hit; McNichols sacrificed nicely, and McDonald hit to left for two bags, scoring Callahan. Donahoe and Gibson went peacefully to sleep.—One run.

Here is the dark page of unrequited affection, misplaced confidence, mistaken identity, yellow fever and all the other ills a ball team gets as an inheritance from the days of '79 when fifty runs a game was a moderate score. The mere recital of this weird inning must pale the cheek of the reading fan even as it affected the complexions of the spectators. This is it. Fleming erred on Wolf's grounder and Davies hit safely; Condon likewise. Lehr reached first on a play that filled the bases, Wolf having scored. Then the ball found a haven for a moment in Cooley's ribs, but was in active service a moment later when Matteson walked. McGinness was hit and Lunn's bases on wide ones forced more. Butler reached first and Wolf was retired, Fleming and Powers participating in the scene. Again Davies hit, this time to the tall grass in centre for a homer, clearing the bases; but because he slighted McDonald's base he was called back to first. He scored on a wild pitch. Condon was playing tag by himself near first when Follen, covering the bag, received Powers' throw and retired him.—Nine runs. Fierce!—It was the worst inning that Notre Dame ever played. Let us forget it.

Notre Dame went after Lehr and those lost runs and were equally successful in finding them. Follen swung wide and Davies circled under Fleming's and Powers' high flies for easy outs. Michigan had another score on hand in their half of the third. Cooley's hit through McNichol's ward was followed by

Matteson's unobtrusive strike out. McGiness was presented with one of the collection of passes Gibson had in his possession and with two on base Lunn sacrificed to McDonald. Captain Butler smashed one at the first baseman a minute later which retired the side.

In the fourth neither team scored. When the fifth for the Varsity opened, McDonald went out and Donahoe got his second hit of the season which was the occasion of much rejoicing. So the game was a record-demolisher in more ways than one. Gibson and Follen were so astonished at the short-stop's batting streak that they struck out. But before this Michigan paid her respects to the visitors by garnering five runs with only two hits to do the business. Errors by Powers, McNichols and Fleming, part and parcel of the iron brigade, helped Watkins' pupils. After this second nightmare had passed Gibson opened the sixth by seeing Cooley race round the bases to third on a beautiful three-bagger to left. Matteson, McGiness and Lunn died in rotation. Hermann started to warm up; but Powers wisely kept Gibson in the box. Notre Dame's half was unproductive, although Powers hit safely through Lehr and went to third before Matteson threw him out at the plate.

The "lucky" seventh was a draw, neither scoring. In spite of Michigan's three hits she was unable to pull a man across the rubber. Then McNichols opened with a strike-out; Wolf held McDonald's pop-up, and Donahoe appeared in his favorite rôle of looking for the ball with no success. McGiness counted in for the home team in the eight, and when the visitors came up Fleming speedily got his base. Powers' hard one escaped through Wolf's legs, and with two gone, the best Daly could do was to lift a fly to Davies who fattened his fielding average thereon. In the last act of this terrible tragedy Michigan was good for easy outs and Notre Dame followed suit, Callahan, McNichols and McDonald finishing in a string.

The following is the official score:

MICHIGAN.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Cooley, 2 b.	4	2	2	2	2	0
Matteson, s.s.	6	1	0	1	4	1
McGiness, c.f.	4	3	1	1	0	0
Lunn, c.	4	2	2	10	1	0
Butler (Capt.), r. f.	6	2	2	1	0	0
Wolff, 3 b.	5	1	1	1	0	1
Davies, l. f.	6	2	4	3	0	1
Condon, 1 b.	6	1	3	8	0	0
Lehr, p.	5	1	1	0	2	0
Totals	46	15	15	27	9	3

NOTRE DAME	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Follen, r. f.	4	1	1	1	0	0
Fleming, 3 b.	3	0	1	2	3	3
Powers (Capt.), c.	4	0	1	5	1	1
Daly, c. f.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Callahan, l. f.	4	1	1	1	0	0
McNichols, 2 b.	3	0	0	1	2	2
McDonald, 1 b.	4	0	1	14	1	0
Donahoe, s. s.	3	0	1	2	5	0
Gibson, p.	3	0	0	0	5	0
Totals	32	2	6	27	17	6

SCORE BY INNINGS—I	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.
MICHIGAN—O	9	0	0	5	0	0	1	0	=15
NOTRE DAME—I	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	=2

Home run—Davies. Three-base hits—Davies, Cooley. Two-base hits—Callahan, Follen, McDonald, Butler. Bases on balls—Off Gibson, 5; off Lehr, 1. Struck out—Lehr, 8; by Gibson, 2. Wild pitches—Gibson, 1; Lehr, 1. Hit by pitcher—By Gibson, 2; by Lehr, 0. Sacrifice hits—Donahoe, Lunn. Double play—Donahoe to McNichols to McDonald; Matteson to Cooley to Condon. Umpre, Perrin.

LOUIS T. WEADOCK.

The Elocution Contest.

The annual contest in elocution was held on Friday morning in Washington Hall. The Very Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., the Rev. Denis Hagerty, C. S. C., and the Rev. J. W. Clarke, C. S. C., were the judges. Mr. H. V. Crumley opened the program with "She Wanted to Learn Elocution," a dialogue selection that was very amusing. The changes in voice and impersonations were many and were very cleverly done. Mr. E. W. Hubbard's "Our Guides" also required impersonations which were well rendered. The imitations of the Italian Guide and the Yankee Doctor were excellent. Mr. A. J. Duperier spoke "Marcos Bozzaris" in a distinct and favorable manner. "The Painter of Seville," Mr. Edward J. Walsh's selection, was a difficult piece to render, but Mr. Walsh's effort was careful and his effect good. Mr. Jerome J. Crowley completed the list of Sorin and Brownson Hall speakers, in rendering with energy and force the lines of "How Salvator Won."

Carroll Hall's representation was small, but none the less praiseworthy. Mr. John F. Morrissey gave "The Legend of the Organ Builder," and Mr. W. P. Higgins, "How Salvator Won." The contest was very good and especially notable for the fact that all the speakers were at ease and at home on the stage and did not hesitate with their lines. This we were glad to see, for very often faltering over lines and consequent uneasiness on the stage spoils the effect of an otherwise good declamation.

Exchanges.

The winner of the Philomathean prize for the best essay on the works of Mr. Kipling, offered by the University of Pennsylvania, is Mr. Leon Dix, and his paper, "Kipling and Poetry," appears in the May number of the *Red and Blue*. Mr. Dix writes entertainingly; but we fear many of his opinions concerning Mr. Kipling's work and poetry in general will be sanctioned by very few. Poetry, we believe, is the expression of the beautiful, in rhythmical language that is in keeping with the thought that it expresses; and if this definition is accepted much of Mr. Kipling's work that Mr. Dix would reject certainly comes under the head of poetry. Tommy Atkins, as Mr. Kipling presents him to us, is very much a man,—not a brute, as Mr. Dix would have us believe,—and consequently he *is* beautiful, and he is presented to us, too, in an almost faultless manner. Tommy has one way of expressing himself, and a boarding-school girl has another, and if the two would exchange we should be properly shocked;—yet there are critics that would like to see Tommy drop his "bloomin'" and still be Tommy, which is impossible. No; Mr. Kipling is never "coarse," so far as we know, and he uses slang only when it suits his purpose to do so. We have never met anything in his work that would offend the cultured or refined, but we have met much that would offend the prudish. Mr. Dix selects "McAndrew's Hymn" as "one of the cleverest poems" in "The Seven Seas," and then disposes of it by saying that "cleverness and brilliancy are its only characteristics." There are some very strong parts to "McAndrew's Hymn," but there are parts, too, that are *not* poetry, and the "Hymn," in our opinion, is too long; but there are better poems in "The Seven Seas"—the "Mary, Pity Women," for instance—that are poetic from beginning to end. There is no doubt that many of the "Barrack Room Ballads" are simply jingles, and we quite agree with Mr. Dix when he says that "one does not find in Kipling's verses that beauty which is *felt*; as one finds in Shakespeare, in Tennyson, or in Wordsworth." Hardly! Nevertheless, we shall find poetry.

* * *

As this is the last exchange column, we take this opportunity of saying "Good-bye and God speed" to all our contemporaries.

FRANK W. O'MALLEY.

Our Friends.

—Mrs. Anna Wilson of Pittsburg spent a few days with her son, Mr. Ralph Wilson of Brownson Hall, and with friends in South Bend lately.

—Mrs. O'Brien and Miss O'Brien of South Bend, accompanied by Miss Agnes Ryan of Hancock, Mich., attended the Oratorical Contest on Wednesday.

—Very Rev. President Morrissey, accompanied by Prof. Edwards, returned from Oil City, Pa., on Wednesday, where they attended the funeral of the late Father Carroll.

—The Rev. Fathers Judge and Muldoon, who with Judge Howard, made the decision at the Oratorical Contest, were the guests of our Very Reverend President during their visit to Notre Dame.

—Mr. W. C. Foley and Mrs. Foley, accompanied by the Misses Genevieve and Birdie Foley and Miss Lillian O'Neill, were the guests of Mr. Charles Foley of Sorin Hall on Decoration Day.

—Miss Wurzburg, of Grand Rapids, Mich., a graduate of St. Mary's Academy, accompanied by her sister, Miss Bertha Wurzburg, and Miss Bessie Kennedy visited friends among the Faculty recently.

—The Very Rev. Father Müller, O. F. M., visited Professor Preston during the early part of last week. Father Müller, who has just returned from Rome, is now on a tour of inspection of the different houses of his Order in the United States. We hope to see him repeat his visit at an early date.

—Mr. F. Henry Wurzer received an interesting letter from his brother, Mr. Louis C. Wurzer (Law '96), who is a Naval Reserve blue-jacket on the auxiliary cruiser *Yosemite*. Mr. Wurzer is stationed at a spar-deck gun on the port side, from which he is prepared to deal out death to Spain in the shape of six-pound shot. The *Yosemite* put to sea on the 17th.

—Mr. Edward E. Brennan (Litt. B., '97) of Indianapolis has given up his work at the University of Indianapolis for the present, and has gone to Chickamauga with the Indianapolis Light Artillery. When the men were mustered into the regular army the old national guard name was changed, and now Mr. Brennan is a member of the 27th Light Battery, Indiana Volunteers.

—The Notre Dame friends of Mr. Frank R. Meyer, of South Bend, were pained to hear of his death which occurred on Sunday last. Mr. Meyer was a student at Notre Dame, and from the time he left the University, which was about ten years years ago, until his death, he was one of our strongest friends. The SCHOLASTIC extends sincerest sympathy to the family of the deceased.

Local Items.

- Button, Button, who's got the button?
- Johnson saved the game and the st(e)ake, but the shock stopped his watch.
- There were four thousand lights illuminating the grounds during the procession Thursday night.
- The baseball team was served with ice-cream and cake last Sunday, the compliments of Father Murphy.
- Lost:—A brown pocket-book with name on the inside. Finder, please return to Harvey L. Goodall, Jr., Carroll Hall, and receive reward of one dollar.
- When the small boy grows large he wants to get out of knickerbockers and into long trousers, and when he grows larger he wants to get back to knickerbockers. Verily, man is full of foibles.
- The father of one of the students that was helping Brother Benjamin decorate his beautiful altar for Thursday night's procession assisted Brother Benjamin in the same capacity just thirty-five years ago.
- The ice-house on the shore of St. Joseph's Lake was burned last week. The fire department saved the ice, but it was considerably scorched, and can not be used in drinking water on account of the burnt taste.
- We will not enter into any offensive and defensive alliance with England, but there is no reason why we should not satisfy those who are clamoring for it by entering into an Anglo-American Brotherhood of Locomotive Golf Players. This would take in all our Anglos.
- The prize-story contest closes with this issue, but the judges have decided that the stories submitted were all so very poor that they could not, while sober, award the prize to anyone. We wish, however, to thank the contestants for their efforts, and our dear readers for their endurance.
- The Reverend President has made a thorough examination of all the classes in St. Edward's Hall. His perfect satisfaction with the result and his earnest words of encouragement are not among the least of the rewards which the Minims will take home as souvenirs of a happy, well-spent year at Notre Dame.
- The air about the campus last Sunday was freighted with the delicate aroma of Havana cigars. The members of the baseball team were disporting themselves in luxury. The occasion was the consumption of four boxes of "Colonel Cody" cigars, the gift of Mr. P. L. Garrity of Chicago to the baseball team in appreciation of their victory over the University of Chicago.
- For the past three nights there has been a terrific bombardment on forts Chicago and Naye. The bombardment began about nine

o'clock each night and lasted until about eleven, the battleship Citigan Michey generally appearing about that time. Of course against her great strength it would be useless as well as hazardous to continue the assault, and the cruisers attacking the forts usually retired when she hove in sight. The Citigan Michey ran down the cruiser Confire night before last, but the Confire escaped in the darkness.

—Vacation is at hand. Some of us, whose school-life is ended, will go forth with the shillalah of ambition, determined to conquer or fail in the great rough-house of life. Many of us will successfully climb the rugged mountain of success, and in bold chirography jot down our Hancocks on the blackboard of Fame. Others will become weary in the tiresome journey and will sit down by the wayside to listen to the buttered words of the con-man. But let us hope that we will all start out well; for remember, "He that beginneth rightly in life makes a good start." May the garland of peace, joy and contentment wind itself about your hat-bands forever!

—Captains Landers and Van Hee have been disputing the relative merits of their respective crews, and a race was arranged to settle forever the mooted question. Tuesday evening the race was made. Landers' six-oared crew gave Van Hee's four-oared crew a handicap of one hundred feet, and the course was three lengths of the lake. The shores were lined with excited partisans as the starter fired the opening gun. The long-nosed boats split the water in their terrific speed. Landers' crew missed the buoy on first turn and gained but little on the man from Flanders; in the two final lengths he closed in gradually as the end was reached. Van Hee and his men laid too, but they were passed by a length. Landers lost the race on account of missing the buoy. A cable message of congratulation is expected from King Leopold as soon as the news reaches Brussels.

—A FEW "DON'T'S" FOR VACATION:—Don't spend all your time eating and sleeping.

Don't study too hard. Remember that over-development of the mental faculties has been the cause of many an explosion.

Don't believe what the "summer girls" tell you, and don't think you are "jollyng anyone."

Don't return before school begins, and when you do return bring some smoking tobacco with you.

Don't fish where there are no fish, and don't rock the boat or chew tobacco in the presence of ladies.

Don't ask every girl you meet to make you a sofa pillow for your room and then count on getting as many as you ask for.

Don't hold your fork in your fist and then try to make people believe that you have attended all the Radley-Bartons this side of Mishawaka.

Don't fail to forget these rules.

—The Director of the Historical Collections requests us to give public expression of thanks to Prof. Wm. Hoynes for twenty-five large photographic views of celebrated Mexican cathedrals and shrines; to Mr. H. Heller of South Bend for a handsomely framed tableaux representing all the Popes from St. Peter to Leo XIII.; to Mr. Frank Confer for a silver coin of the reign of Ferdinand VII. King of Spain, 1815; silver coin Republic of Peru, 1826; silver coin Norway, 1826; to Master J. Morris of Carroll Hall for two volumes of Munsey's Magazine; to Doctor Veneziani for Buddhism and its Christian Critics by Paul Carus; to Mr. E. R. Walsh of Chicago for sermons and lectures by Doctor Thomas; to Doctor Austin O'Malley for a book printed in Chinese; to Doctor William J. Onahan for a collection of interesting manuscripts relating to education, and a scrap-book containing his lecture on Father Marquette.

—FELLOW STUDENTS AND KIND READERS:—It grieves me, indeed, to say—farewell! Yes, it grieves me from the ground floor of my heart, for I realize that this simple word, when uttered sincerely, means a great deal. It means, firstly, a sweet, lasting rest to you all, for no doubt my many miserable attempts to be funny have grated upon your sensitive nerves like the sound of so many squeaking slate-pencils. It means further, that the conscience I once had will return to me, and that I will be moved to feel for the unfortunate few whose names will doubtless be dragged into these columns by my handsome successor next year. It means that with the aid of time I will again be able to speak the truth, and that my imagination will at last be consistent with reason.

Many a time when the copy-crier was making himself hoarse, I used to be obliged to sit down and jot off another on Lan Johnnders or Bob Franey, although at the time I well knew that these robust gentlemen had been written up at least five or six times in that week's issue. I sacrificed conscience for duty's sake; but the victims may find solace in the thought that they were not written up through malice—simply lack of copy.

In concluding, I wish to thank the students in particular and Lan Johnnders, Bill Sheehan and Bob Franey in general, for allowing me to go alive. Their leniency was born of pity, no doubt; but in either case I thank them. Wishing you all a merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I remain

A. QUITTER (Reporter Sorin Hall).

—A reporter visited the prominent members of Sorin Hall the other day with a view of obtaining some information as to how and where they would spend the summer vacation. The following is the result of the interviews:

Mr. T. A. Medley of Kentucky was found in his room when the reporter called, which, by the way, was a singular occurrence. The honor-

able gentleman was sitting in one of the law-room chairs with his feet resting on the top of his wardrobe, reading the "War Cry." Pointing to a soap-box near by, Mr. Medley bade the reporter be seated. "So you wish to know how and where I am going to spend my vacation," he began, knocking the ashes from the irregular piece of kindling wood he was smoking. "Well, my friend, I am going to Kentucky, suh; me old home in Kentucky, suh, where the ivy twines around the chimney tops and the distilleries loom up with painful frequency. There will I roam the daisied fields and pluck the gooseberries off the pickle bush. There will I find sweet rest and peace and other delicacies; for I tell you, suh, there is no place like old Kentuck."

The reporter next visited Mr. Wm. C. Kegler and learned that that distinguished student of slumberology was going to put in his time introducing some of his Notre Dame friends into Bellevue society. He fears no serious breaches of etiquette on the part of his friends since he has told them that they must chew tobacco in the parlor or put their feet up on the piano. Bob Franey is going to break in his new shoes and kill potato bugs down on their farm this summer, and Ray Giles O'Malley will do the same old thing—nothing. Haley has a job carrying bats for the Fort Wayne baseball team, and Cholly Niezer will wear his bicycle suit and explain to the people of Monroeville the difference between a college curriculum and a hen-house. Miller, Johnson and Carney will do some extensive travelling and sight-seeing before going home, and will finally select furniture and wish Willie every success. It is hard to tell what Corby and Mott are going to do, but they assure the reporter that they "will do or bust." John Byrnes, St. John O'Sullivan and Johnnie McGinnis will preach against the A. O. B. F. and incidentally organize societies for the prevention of cruelty to mosquitos. Piquette will join the shaker doctors, and Blear Falvey will put in one half the summer lecturing on the necessity of Vivisection and the other half lecturing against it, the latter in the interests of The Good Old Ladies' Duty Society of America. Many other members of the Hall will spend the summer at Atlantic City, Newport, Mishawaka and all the great summer resorts.

—Thursday was the big day of the year for the Philopatrians. Under the leadership of Bro. Cyprian, they started out into the country for a picnic, and it was a *real* picnic. Dinner was served by Messrs. Steiner and Schillo, the well-known German Caterers of Chicago, and Monroe, Mich. Jonquet of South Bend, served the ice-cream, and cake by Heine Kasper. It was altogether a very enjoyable affair, and when six o'clock came, all were sorry to return. The Philopatrians wish to thank Rev. Father Morrissey for his treat.